

"I Don't Want You" by orphan_account

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Summary:

He just lost his love and his best friend.

1. Blackened Eyes

Mike walked into his basement with two drinks in his hands, a giant smile on his face. He set one glass in Will's hand, the other on the floor next to the couch. He fixed up his seat before plopping down, gazing at Will with bright eyes, his grin faltering when seeing Will rejecting his smile. He reached over to touch Will's shoulder, worry and pain flashing on his face when he flinched away from his touch.

"Will, what's wrong?"

Will took in a shaky breath, squeezing the cup in his hands while closing his eyes tightly. He held his breath for a moment, letting in the pain in his chest grow. Sucking in his cheeks and biting down, Will let go of his breath, keeping his shoulders tensed up. Reopening his eyes, he stared directly into Mike's mocha one's, determination and fright drenching his hazel eyes. He gulped, tilting his head downwards to look more intimidating, like it was gonna to help the words that fell out his mouth.

"I don't want you."

The feeling in Mike's chest was unbearable. He felt like the entire world had crashed down and swallowed him with it. His throat tensed up and suddenly, he couldn't breathe. There was a giant lump in his throat and he couldn't breathe. He couldn't breathe and Will didn't want him. His stomach twisted, his chest rapidly moving up and down as he stared with disbelief at Will. He desperately gasped for air. Mike felt warm tears fall down his cheeks, his face reddening with sadness and anger.

He glared at the boy in front of him.

"What?"

"I don't fucking want you anymore, Mike. What don't you get? I don't want to be with you, to hold your hand anymore, to kiss you. I feel nothing towards you. I feel absolutely nothing and you bring nothing but pain towards my way whenever I look at you."

He did it before he could process what was happening.

Mike watched as his fist struck Will's eye, his hand stinging from the blow, his whole arm shaking under terror. He stared at his fist in disbelief, wincing when he felt something warm and wet hit his face. Mike wiped the spit off his face as he watched Will gather his things, chucking off Mike's sweater onto the broken boy's head. Mike caught a glimpse of Will's tears before he slammed the back door shut, his chest tightening.

Gawking at his reddening knuckles, Mike flinched when he felt his brine tears fall softly onto them. Mike glared at them, knotting his fingers in his hair, harshly pulling at the roots until it burned. He let out the loudest scream in his life. He felt his chest get deprived of air as he screeched loudly, his brain feeling like it just got punched repeatedly. He ignored the yelling of Nancy, the frantic footsteps of his mother coming down the stairs, everything in the world.

He just lost his love and his best friend.

His mother was holding him in her arms as he openly sobbed, softly running her hands up and down his sides. She was whispering something he couldn't process, Will's blackening eye being burned to the back of his eyelids. He cried harder as his mom asked where Will was, his chest tightening once again.

The next day of school, Mike couldn't gain the courage to face the party. He had trained his eyes to focus on the ground while he walked, ignoring all of Dustin's yells. Mike went the entire day avoiding Will, purposely skipping each class he had with him.

By the end of the day Lucas and Max cornered him, their hand clasped together, making Mike stare with longing. They had attempted to pry but eventually gave up when Mike seemed to not be listening, staring at Will from afar. Will only glared back, walking away quickly with his swollen eye.

Mike felt like choking, feeling his chest heave up and down. He grabbed his shirt, digging his nails into his chest as he struggled to

breathe. He squeezed his eyes shut, the lump in his throat blocking his air flow. Lucas and Max looked at him with worry filled eyes. Lucas tapped Mike on his shoulder, turning to frantically shake him when Mike's eyes blew out wide.

“Dude! What’s wrong with you?!”

Max watched them from afar, contemplating on calling the nurse over. Before she could run back into the school, Mike had collapsed in Lucas’s arms, a loud sob erupting from his lungs. Lucas tried desperately to comfort him, but before he could, Mike used his last ounce of strength to push himself off. His face was red from the warmth of the tears, his nose runny and his eyes blocked by clumping eyelashes.

Mike frantically looked around, tripping over his feet as he burst into a sprint, leaving Lucas and Max on his trail. Lucas glanced at Max before running after him, yelling his name at the top of his lungs repeatedly. Max exhaled, crossing her arms, swiveling on her heel to walk back into the school. She stopped when she noticed Will suddenly appearing next to her. Max looked at him, a guilty expression on his face, his left eye still shut from the black eye.

“I never asked, but who gave that to you? Was it Troy?”

Will snorted, holding his stomach as he laughed. He looked up at her with an honest amused expression.

“He fucking wishes.”

Max watched as Will walked away from her, scrunching up her eyebrows. He wasn’t acting like their regular Will; the usually quiet and sweet Will who would hate to see any one of his friends cry. Something was definitely wrong and she bet Mike had something to do with it. Max ran to where her skateboard laid, quickly picking up as she skated towards the direction Mike and Lucas went.

Mike could feel his chest burn, his lungs becoming scratchy as he forced himself forward. Desperately trying to get away from Lucas, he felt more tears fall out his eyes, distracting him for a split second. Suddenly, he felt a sharp pain in his foot, his whole body tumbling

down onto the branch ridden ground. He yelped out in pain, loudly crying as he clutched his ankle.

Lucas stood behind him, hunched over, gripping his sides for dear life. He tried to catch his breath, faintly hearing someone walk up behind him, past Mike's deafening screams and sobs. He faced his attention back on Mike, noticing he was bleeding from his ankle, frantically rushing over to help him. Lucas took off his flannel, leaving himself in his undershirt, wrapping Mike's ankle in the fabric. He held down on the bleeding area, whispering soothing words to his friend.

Mike cried harder.

Eventually, Max caught up with them, her chest clenching when seeing an even worse looking Mike on the floor. Max cautiously walked closer, laying a comforting hand on Mike's shoulder. Mike kept crying as he held onto his knees, his head hurting from how hard he was crying.

"Mike, buddy, you need to calm down."

Lucas's voice barely reached Mike's ears, causing him to blink rapidly to look him in the face. His eyes switched from Max to Lucas, his lip quivering. Mike was thinking about how happy they must be with each other, how after this they'd walk home together, holding hands. Mike choked out a noise, closing his eyes tightly. Max rubbed his shoulder, bringing him back before he could start to sob again.

"What happened?"

He gulped at her question, rubbing his knees as he faintly noticed Lucas was still holding onto his ankle. Mike stared at the ground, tears softly falling, creating wet patches on his sweater. He attempted to inhale deeply, clenching up his fists, mentally preparing himself.

"Will broke up with me, and I punched him in the eye. I didn't mean to, I swear I didn't mean to. I was just, I was just so angry. I was so angry and hurt and betrayed and I didn't know what to do. My chest hurt so badly and something, something built up there quickly. Before I knew it, my fist was crushing his eyes and panic

washed over me. And and, I saw him today and just wanted to run away. I can't take this anymore, you guys. I've never been in this much pain, and sorrow, and misery before."

Crying even harder, Mike gently grabbed onto Max's hands, crying into the air. Lucas and Max both gave Mike a sympathetic look, helping him back to his feet. Mike wrapped his arms around Lucas's shoulders, sobbing when feeling Max accidentally hit his ankle. She quickly and quietly apologized, placing her arms around his waist, helping Lucas. Together, they all walked all the way to the Wheeler's house.

Mike couldn't live with the breaking feeling in chest. He felt like the emotions swarming in his chest would eat him whole. He stared to disconnect from reality as they walked back to his house, the thought of his stuff still being on the ground at school didn't even cause his stomach to get queasy with worry. All he felt was this consistent feeling of falling apart.

2. Empty

Summary for the Chapter:

He wanted to feel something.

Will quietly rode home, relaxing his pedaling to glide across the ground, tears falling off his soft cheeks. He tried to ignore the stinging pain in his eye as he rode home, anger bubbling up in his chest. He peddled fast, feeling his chest heave up and down as he attempted to channel his anger in his biking. He was in pain, furious, but there was something else nipping at his heart. He didn't feel anything. His anger felt empty, like there wasn't anything there. He just felt it with no emotions along with it.

Will let out a sob as he dipped his head low, closing his eyes as he rode along. He briefly lifted up his head to make sure he wasn't going to hit anything. As he arrived at his house, he felt a sharp pain in his chest. He brushed it off as he held his head higher than usual, biting the insides of his cheeks. He took a shaky breath as he faced his worried mother, telling her a confusing web of lies as he broke past her. He went straight to his room, sitting at his desk, staring out the window.

He watched as the birds flew past the glass, gathering sticks and leaves. Will sighed, resting his head on the cool wood. He leaned his beaten eye onto the cold surface, inhaling the smell of crayons and something else. Will's chest tightened, the broken and empty feeling returning. He smelled like Mike. He smelled like pine trees and mint. Will felt like vomiting.

He ran his hands through his hair, rapidly pulling at the follicles, tears falling quicker out his eyes. He didn't feel sad, or angry, or anything. He didn't feel a single thing and he just doesn't know what to do. He dragged his nails down his face, leaving red marks. His chest was moving up and down quickly as Will struggled to breathe. He wanted to feel something.

Loving Mike used to be the best thing that had ever happened to him. He felt like he was floating all the time, his chest was consistently

filled with love and happiness. But now, Will is crying from the lack of everything. His body felt like shutting down, never wanting to boot back up. Will slapped himself in his face, biting down harshly on his lips. He groaned from the pain as he kept hitting himself in the face.

Joyce walked into the room with a makeshift ice pack, frozen in place when she saw her son punching himself in the face, hearing silent screams out of his mouth. She rushed over to him, holding his hands away from his body and he struggled under her. Will twisted and squirming, screaming at the top of lungs. He could feel the pain, but nothing else.

Walking into school the next day wasn't what Will expected. He felt his chest tighten when seeing Dustin's happy face drop, seeing the worry boy run over to him. Will put on a fake smile as he attempted to push him off, forcing out a tiny giggle. Lucas trotted up next to them, resting his hand on top of Will's hair, a sympathetic expression adorning his face. Will tried to beam at them, his shoulders tensing up. Max watched them from afar, a confused look and bubblegum popping on her mouth. She sensed something was up, and Will did not like it one bit.

Max snapped her head to the side, seeing Mike walk past the party with his eyes trained on the ground. Dustin suddenly let go of Will, yelling after Mike to wait up, throwing his backpack on as Lucas followed him. Will exhaled a relieved sigh, his body hunching forward, glaring at Max when she didn't stop staring at him. She threw her hands up, swirling on her heels to chase after the rest of the party.

Will felt different. He was irritated and numb to everything. He felt numb, and everyone's face flew by him like a blur. All he could do was snap at everyone or fake a smile. Will felt like he couldn't control anything he did, like something or someone else was controlling him. He could finally relax and let things just happen. He didn't try to censor himself, he let everything flow off his tongue.

He stared dead in the teacher's eyes when they called on him,

refusing to answer every time as he drifted away in his mind. He barely even noticed that Mike had skipped each period they had together. Barely. By the end of the day he had completely disconnected from his body, letting it glide around and say whatever it wanted.

Stopping, he faintly noticed Mike talking to Lucas and Max. He gently raised his hand to touch his eye, glaring at Mike as he saw him tear up. Will stood there, gazing at how Mike sprinted away, Lucas following him like his life depended on it. Before he could realize what he was doing, he stood beside Max with a guilty expression. His stomach tightened up, twirling around in his body as Mike and Lucas's figures slowly disappeared.

Max was talking to him, but he couldn't concentrate. He just knew he was laughing, and then silence. He had said something that he didn't really care for. Before he knew it, Will walked away from her, his face turning plain as he felt her eyes on the back of his head. Will walked over to where his bike was, hardly realizing Dustin was trying to talk with him.

"What did you say? I wasn't paying attention, sorry."

Will's voice was soft and quiet, his nails digging into his handlebars as he spoke. His voice was gentle but his eyes were hard, glaring down into Dustin's concerned ones.

"I just wanted to know what happened to you today."

"I banged my eye on something-"

"Not that."

Confused, Will stopped scratching at his bike, fully facing his body towards Dustin. He watched him take in a deep breath, gaining the confidence to speak, planning what he would say.

"There's something up with you. Whether it's your black eye or something to do with you and Mike, I don't know. Whatever it is, it's making you distant and rude. It's making you, it's making you not Will. And everyone, I mean everyone, hates it. So cut the bullshit

with me and tell me what happened with you.”

Will shook his head, a booming laugh erupting from his chest as he pedaled away. Dustin quickly tried to stand in front of Will's bike, deciding to ride beside him last. Dustin tried to pry something out of him from the entire ride to his house, getting absolutely nothing out of Will.

Will had changed for the worst.

Notes for the Chapter:

decided not to end it here!! tell me if you want this to have a happy or sad ending!!

3. "We'll Get Through This"

Summary for the Chapter:

Closing his eyes and taking a deep breath, Will tried to sit upwards, more tears falling out his eyes. He felt like his body was collapsing underneath him.

Mike dragged his feet against the tiled floor of the school, his backpack slung on his shoulder. He trained his eyes to the floor, focusing on people's feet to avoid crashing into them. His mom found out he was skipping classes so Mike was forced to sit through all his classes with Will, a sad expression glued to his face. His chest felt heavy, like he was being suffocated. Mike had ran out of tears, only a empty feeling taking over him as he walked into his first period.

He lifted his head the slightest bit, noticing that he was the last of the party to arrive, but not the last of the class. His eyes flickered over at Will, watching as he fiddled with his notebook, probably avoiding his gaze. Sighing with frustration, Mike trudged over to his seat, sitting down with a thud. He turned his body to look at Will, realizing that he was reading something he had wrote down.

"Whatcha reading?"

Will snapped his head over to Mike, causing Mike to flinch from seeing his black eye once again. Measly smiling, Mike leaned over to read what was written, ignoring Will's glares. Surprisingly, Will let him, moving himself backwards a tiny bit so Mike could read it more thorough. Mike lightly bit his lip, reading that it was for a therapist; he was asking for permission from his mom and the therapist to go in weekly. Frowning, he lifted his gaze to look at Will, resisting a smile on his face when seeing a tint on his cheeks.

"Therapy?", Mike whispered, scared his voice was going to break Will.

"Yeah."

Will's voice cracked as he tried to speak softly, his cheeks burning

red. Mike looked back down at the paper, his stomach and head starting to hurt. He couldn't quite understand why Will needed to go to therapy, especially since they had just recently broken up. Will would've told him while they were together he assumed. He also assumed that everything was fine, so Mike couldn't fully trust his instincts.

Mike grunted, twisting his way back forward to look at the teacher walking in. He felt eyes bore into the side of his head, causing him to glance at Will who had his head trained on the letter. Mike searched around a bit more, shrugging his shoulders as the teacher started to talk. He reached inside his bag to grab his notebook, tapping Lucas for a pencil, a small grin on his face when noticing Dustin do the same to Will. Desperately trying not to bite the end of Lucas's pencil, Mike anxiously thought about the reasons Will might be struggling. Maybe it was just to get things off his chest, but Mike didn't know what.

Will carried his crumpled letter in his hands as he walked into his home, a nervously fake grin on his face as he greeted Jonathan, not even noticing Steve and Nancy sitting on the couch. Briefly checking the kitchen, he decided to go into his mom's room, his heart thudding on his chest. He lightly knocked, something breaking through the emptiness in his chest. He tried gulping down the feeling, but it kept bubbling up. He squeezed his eyes close when Joyce opened the door, sticking the letter outwards, impatiently waiting for her to grab it. Once it left his hands, he sped to his room and locked himself in without a word.

He sat on his unmade bed, twiddling with his thumbs as he tried to whip his hair out of his face. He stared outside his window, panic bubbling in his chest when seeing the party pedalling up towards it. He hurriedly ran to the window to shut the curtains, sliding down the wall, his hand around his mouth. He squeezed his eyes shut, hearing someone knock on the door the same time as someone tapped on the window. Quickly, Will grabbed a blanket that was rest on the floor to cover his body, just in time as his mom opened his door.

Joyce looked around the dark room in confusion, walking over to the

window to open the curtains, nearly jumping out of her skin when seeing Max's face pressed against the glass. Both of them looked at the other in terror while backing up. Suddenly, there was a knock at the door, causing Joyce to turn her attention away.

"Jonathan? Can you get that for me?", Joyce said, walking over to open the window. Joyce looked at the group of teenagers with her eyes bugging out, leaning her head outside.

"What are you guys doing back here?"

"We're looking for Will," Lucas said, eyeing behind her speedily.

Joyce glanced around her son's room, noticing the blanket on the ground. Walking over to clean her surroundings, she ripped the blanket from on top of Will, throwing it on the bed. She froze, her eyes wide as she saw him curled in a tight ball. Rushing to the window, the party all tried to see what Joyce was looking at.

Mike rushed into the house from the front door, crashing into Will's doorway, falling down on the floor. He screamed out in pain, tears welling up in his eyes as Joyce rushed over to him. He attempted to stand up with her help, blinking away his tears as he gazed around the room. His eyes landed on Will in the corner, his face red with tears, causing Mike to feel a tightness in his chest. He resisted the urge to run over to him, to cradle him in his arms and kiss him until he's alright. Mike looked over to Joyce again, faking a smile.

"Hey, can you leave us alone for a few minutes?"

Joyce looked between all of them, her eyes blown out, eyebrows raised. Mike tried his hardest to give her a reassuring look before lightly nudging her, watching her leave and shut the door without a word. Whipping his head to the window, Mike watched as Dustin tried to climb through it, definitely struggling to not mess up Will's dresser. Turning his gaze back to the crying boy, Mike cautiously walked to him, his heart beating fast in his chest.

"M-Mike?"

Closing his eyes and taking a deep breath, Will tried to sit upwards,

more tears falling out his eyes. He felt like his body was collapsing underneath him.

“Yeah? Will, stay right there, I’m coming to you.”

Dustin finally was inside the room, lying on the floor with his head faced towards the ceiling as Mike walked across the room. Lucas put his foot inside, ignoring the conversation completely. Will could sense Mike sitting down beside him, making him cry harder. He tucked his knees underneath his chin, pressing his forehead against the floor. His breathing quickened as Mike gently laid a hand on his back, rubbing soothingly.

“I’m so sorry, Mike.”

“For what?”

Will lifted his head upwards, reaching his arm out to grasp Mike’s forearm. More tears fell down but he didn’t feel fulfilled. He didn’t feel like it was ridding the heavy feeling in his chest; the feeling that felt like nothing at all. Will gulped down the lump in his throat, a light sob leaving his lips. He felt gross.

“I’m sorry for all, all of this.”

Mike stared down at him, tears falling quicker out his own eyes, resting his other hand on top of Will’s. Max slipped into the room and whispered over to Lucas to explain what was happening, being shushed by Dustin. Will shifted a bit, trying to sit upwards again.

“Will, it’s fine-”

“No. No it’s not. I took whatever was happening with me and I, and I made myself break up with you,” Will was gripping Mike’s arm tightly, determination in his eyes. Mike opened his mouth to say something again, being interrupted by Will again. “I still want to be held by you, to hold your hand, to be yours. But the way I’ve been feeling has been awful and I thought it was because of you, but it isn’t. It really isn’t. I’ve been feeling absolutely nothing but I still need to be hugged and kissed by you. I hate it so much, Mike. Please help me, I can’t explain it but I need you.”

Furrowing his eyebrows, Mike ran his hands through Will's messy hair. Letting out another sob, Will collapsed onto the ground again, being caught by Mike. Will buried his head in Mike's sweater, gripping onto it for dear life. Knotting his fingers in his hair, Mike shushed Will with calming words, rubbing his hand down his side. Glancing behind him, he gave the party a tiny smile, cradling Will closer.

"We'll get through this, don't worry."

Notes for the Chapter:

this was a mess but i loved it. i hope you guys loved it too!

Author's Note:

this was one of the writing prompts on tumblr!